

HOW WE SANK THE EMDEN: PHOTOGRAPHS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

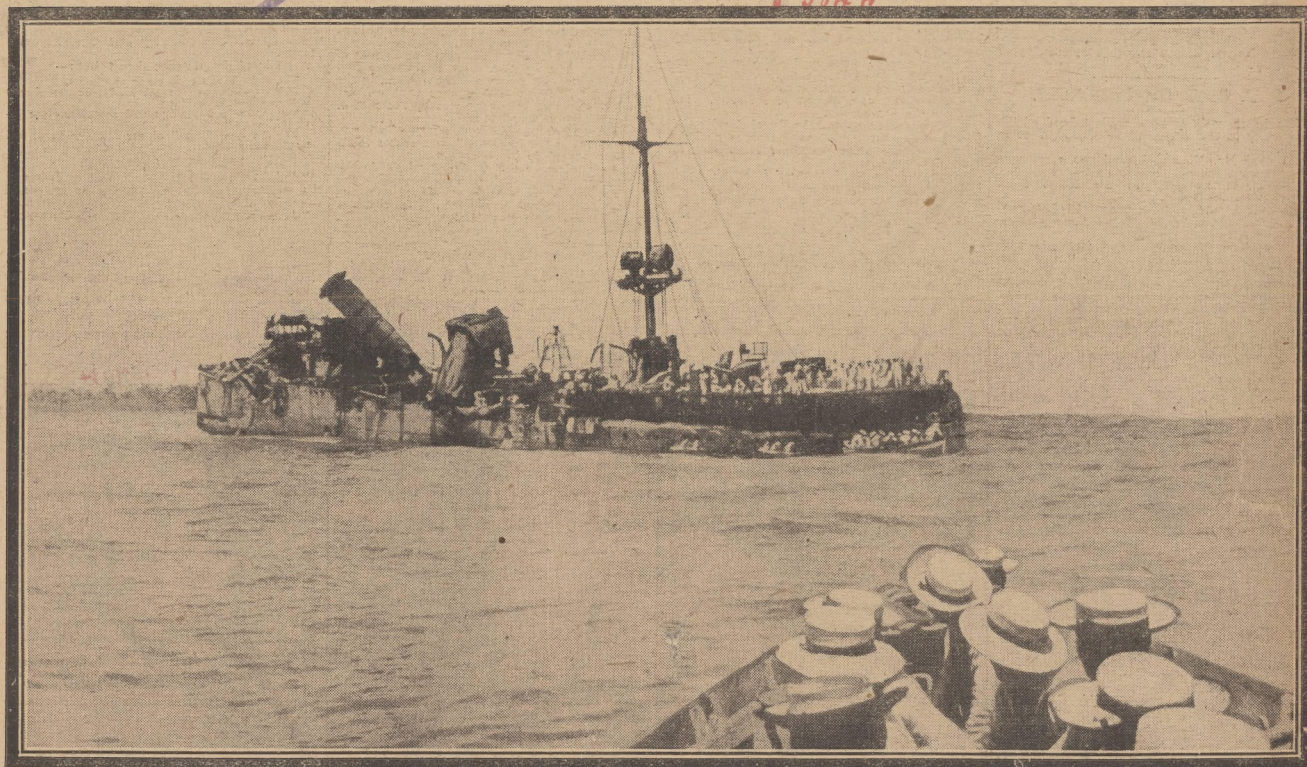
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MONDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1914

One Halfpenny.

THE END OF THE EMDEN: THE LAST PHASE OF GERMANY'S
MOST FAMOUS DESTROYER OF BRITISH COMMERCE.



The end of the action. Note the Emden's side and guns blown away on the port quarter-deck.



First boat-load of Emden prisoners.



H.M.S. Sydney just after she had sunk the Emden.



Taking the wounded on to H.M.S. Sydney.

These are the first photographs to reach England of the sinking of the Emden, the famous German corsair of the sea which destroyed so much valuable British commerce, by H.M.S. Sydney, of the Australian Navy. As will be seen from the photo-

graphs of the two ships taken at the conclusion of the engagement, the Emden proved no match for the Sydney. The German cruiser was shattered by the shell fire of the Sydney, but the British ship came out of the fight practically unscathed.

BRANDED FOR EVER AS BABY KILLERS.

Mr. Churchill and German Navy's Raid On Scarborough.

HEROISM OF WOMEN.

"Whatever feats of arms the German Navy may hereafter perform, the stigma of the baby killers of Scarborough will brand its officers and men while sailors sail the seas."

These scathing words occur in a striking letter sent by Mr. Churchill to the Mayor of Scarborough expressing sympathy in the losses sustained by the inhabitants.

Many of the victims of the German raid were buried during the week end, and both at Scarborough and the Hartlepool heartrending scenes took place.

An outstanding feature of the bombardment was the bravery of the women under shell fire and their refusal to run away from their homes.

Three further deaths occurred at Hartlepool yesterday.

SEAL OF THEIR DISHONOUR.

The letter, written by the First Lord of the Admiralty to the Mayor of Scarborough is as follows:

My dear Mr. Mayor, I send you a message of sympathy, not only on my own account, but on behalf of the Navy in the losses Scarborough has sustained.

We mourn with you the peaceful inhabitants who have been killed or maimed, and particularly the women and children.

We admire the dignity and fortitude with which Scarborough, Whitby and the Hartlepool have confronted outrage. We share your disappointment that the miscreants escaped unpunished. We await with patience the opportunity that will surely come.

But viewed in its larger aspect the incident is one of the most instructive and encouraging that have happened in the war.

Nothing proves more plainly the effectiveness of British naval pressure than the frenzy of hatred aroused against us in the breasts of the enemy.

This hatred has already passed the frontiers of reason. It clouds their vision; it darkens their counsels; it convulses their movements.

We see a nation of military calculators throwing calculation to the winds; of strategists who have lost their sense of proportion; of schemers who have ceased to balance loss and gain.

Practically the whole fast cruiser force of the German Navy, including some great ships vital to their fleet and utterly irreplaceable, have been risked for the passing pleasure of killing as many English people as possible, irrespective of sex, age or condition in the limited time available.

To this act of military and political folly they were impelled by the violence of feelings which could find no other vent. This is very satisfactory, and should confirm us in our course.

Their hate is the measure of their fear. Its senseless expression is the proof of their impotence and the seal of their dishonour.

WOMEN WHO DID NOT QUAIL.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

WEST HARTLEPOOL, Dec. 20.—Yesterday and to-day the burial of most of the victims of the German bombardment of the Hartlepool took place in the presence of thousands of sorrowing relatives and friends.

After the last plaintive note of the "Last Post" had rung out on the bugles, men who had stood with bowed heads at the graveside straightened themselves and looked like the soldiers many of them will become.

The North Riding of Yorkshire and Durham will before long add many recruits to the British Army and Navy.

There is no panic in the twin boroughs. "Leave my home," said one woman to me on Friday evening. "Not while one stick of it remains, even if the Germans come to the town."

Many instances of the bravery of women could be given. One stands out by itself.

Two young women named Kaye, who occupied a large house just above the fort and lighthouse, stood watching the battle and admiring the bravery of the Territorials who were working their 6in. gun against the heavy metal of the big German 12in. guns.

Suddenly a shot crashed through the room in which they were standing and killed both of them.

It is worthy of note that no shots from the Germans hit the town's batteries. Had their shooting been better the loss of life in the town would have been much less.

BROKEN WITH GRIEF.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

SCARBOROUGH, Dec. 19.—The mayor and magistrates, as well as Sir T. P. Whittaker, M.P., Sir J. Compton Rickett, M.P., and Mr. Walter Beaumont, M.P., attended the funeral to-day of ex-Alderman John Hall, J.P., who received terrible injuries from a shell which burst in his bedroom while he was dressing.

Driver Bennett (R.F.A.), who was killed with his mother and two little boys, all perished when a shell wrecked No. 2 Wykeham-street, was buried to-day at the cemetery.

The grief of Mr. Merryweather, grocer, at the funeral of his young wife, who was killed while escorting friends to the cellar for shelter, so overcame him that he had to be assisted from the graveside.

THE KING'S CHRISTMAS.

Family Party to Spend the Festival Quietly at Sandringham.

ROAST BEEF AND CYGNET.

Fortunately the war will not prevent our King and Queen, who have undergone many anxieties since the outbreak of war, from passing Christmas at Sandringham.

But the royal party will be smaller than usual, and it is doubtful if the Prince of Wales will be able to leave the Headquarters Staff in France for even the briefest Christmas holiday. There will be little, if any, entertaining for the King will, of course, be much busier than at previous Christmases.

But their Majesties, with characteristic thoughtfulness, will make every home on their Norfolk estate as happy as possible. On Christmas Eve King George will, it is expected, follow the good old custom of presenting beef to his tenants and employees.

The total weight of the beef is equivalent to half a dozen bullocks, and the parcels average half a stone.

The old people come under the special care of Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra, cardigan jackets and woollen scarves being given to the old men and warm shawls and flannel petticoats to the old women.

On Christmas morning the Royal Family visit Queen Alexandra, and then the whole party go to church, the elder members remaining for Holy Communion.

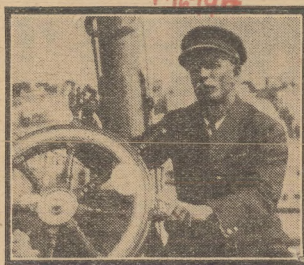
There will be no departure from old-established custom at the dinner, all the traditional dishes being served up. These are:—

| | | |
|---------|--------------|---------------|
| Turkey. | Venus. | Pump pudding. |
| Goose. | Cygnets. | Mince pies. |
| Boat. | Boat's head. | |

The remainder of the day is devoted to the amusement of the younger members of the family.

It is hoped that his Majesty will be able to enjoy a few days' shooting before his return to town in the New Year.

TAKEN BY TURKS.



Captain Younman, a Southampton man, of the yacht Reseda, who has been captured by the Turks.

GREY-SKIRT DOCTORS.

Many women doctors who have gone out privately to help in the hospitals are on "active service" at the front.

Dr. Alice Hutchinson, who went through the war of the Balkan war, is working. The Daily Mirror is informed, in the hospital of Dr. Depage, chief Belgian surgeon. It was at his invitation that she went to Calais.

Among doctors with the Serbians is Miss Macdougall, of Bruntsfield Hospital, Edinburgh, an X-ray expert.

In the French hospitals there are women doctors from Birmingham, Liverpool and London—five surgeons and physicians altogether.

The women doctors wear grey skirt and hats and military cloaks of the same material.

JOIN AND HAVE A HOLIDAY.

It is officially stated that men who enlist in the Army and from Saturday will be given leave until after the Christmas holidays, together with an advance of pay to cover the holiday period.

This means that immediately after enlistment recruits can return to their homes and spend Christmas with their relatives and friends.

The arrangement should result in young men who intend to offer themselves coming forward at once instead of waiting until the New Year.

SHOCK RESTORES SPEECH.

Corporal Tucker, who was struck down after being buried by three "coal-boxes" at Ypres, has, thanks to his mother, had his speech restored. He was sitting in the kitchen of his mother's home at Cardiff when he suddenly fell a third.

"I got up, rushed to the foot of the stairs and stumbled over my mother, who lay groaning badly," he said. "What I said or did I don't know; but I fancied I called out, 'Oh, mother!' Then I fainted."

"In the morning I learned that my mother did not slip, but had deliberately thrown herself down to give me a shock."

GIRLS BURNED ALIVE.

Three Lives Lost in Terrible Fire That Destroyed Scottish Castle.

BIRTHDAY TRAGEDY.

Three lives were lost and extensive damage was done by a fire yesterday which burnt out Herbertshire Castle, at Denny, about twenty miles from Glasgow, belonging to Mr. Charles W. Forbes.

The victim were the Misses Clare and Cynthia Graham, aged sixteen and fourteen years respectively, daughters of Mr. James Graham, of Airthrey Castle, who were guests at the castle, and Miss Littlejohn, a daughter of the late Sir Henry Littlejohn, of Edinburgh, and secretary to Mrs. Forbes at the castle. The elder Miss Graham was to have celebrated her birthday yesterday at the castle, where she had gone for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes and their family of six children, their nurses were all got safely out after a narrow escape.

The fire was discovered at about 6 a.m. by Mrs. Forbes, who awakened her husband.

He was able to alarm the other occupants of the house, but by this time the flames had burst through the upper stories containing the principal bedrooms. These were thus cut off, and the only way of escape was by the roof of the turret, some forty feet high.

Ladders were fetched and every effort was made to reach the household, but access could not be obtained to the top floors.

In spite of the work of the fire brigade the flames spread with such rapidity that the roof collapsed. It was then learned that the three young women were lost, the rescuers being powerless to reach them.

The fire burned fiercely, and ultimately little more than the blackened walls remained.

PRINCESS MARY AT A WEDDING.

Princess Mary, whose tender solicitude for our sailors and soldiers has touched the heart of the nation so deeply, played a new part on Saturday.

Wearing a simple coat and skirt of vieux rose coloured frieze with cream satin belt trimmed with brown and cream feathers, she attended the wedding at Westminster Abbey of her close personal friend, the Hon. Mary Gardner, daughter of Lord and Lady Burghclere, who was married to the Hon. Geoffrey Hope Morley, eldest son of Lord and Lady Hollenden.

The Princess sat in the first pew in the picturesque Henry VII.'s Chapel, and afterwards followed the bridal procession to the nave to the vestry, where she signed the register.

CHEERS FOR NEW SULTAN.

CAIRO, Dec. 20.—Sultan Hussein to-day (his birthday) took up his quarters in the Abdin Palace. The route of the procession to the Palace was lined with British and Egyptian troops, behind whom were dense crowds cheering the Sultan to the echo.

On the Sultan's arrival at the Abdin Palace the dense crowd filling the square vociferously hailed their new Sovereign, who entered the building by a door facing an enormous tent filled with 5,000 Egyptian and European officials and notables, who cheered most heartily. The Sultan then received a select gathering inside the Palace.—Reuter.

KHAKI REPLACES FRILLS.

Wherever one goes nowadays women are to be seen wearing uniform. Among the number are:—

Red Cross nurses. Girl scouts. Clerks. Women doctors. Interpreters. Motor-drivers. Women police. Cooks.

There are 400 women in London belonging to the Women's Volunteer Corps—one of the developments of the Women's Emergency Corps.

Their uniform is a coat and skirt of khaki, the officers having the breast pockets and coats built on the lines of an Army officer's coat.

GERMANY'S LATEST LIE.

That he was twice compelled to go up in a British aeroplane, and, with but the thinnest clothing, taken on a flight for a fight of four or five hours, is the statement appearing in the Cologne Gazette purporting to have been made by a German soldier.

In this plainly false document the man, who says he was captured by the British, states that he was sent on these flights after he had been questioned. "We went to a height of from 7,000ft. to 8,000ft.," he says, "and I suffered terribly from frost. I had pains in the left side, and my chest and eyes hurt cruelly."

He escaped, he says, during the second flight, his pilot having descended to get water to cool his engine.

A MOTHER'S DESIRE.

The mother of Lance-Corporal Harry Taylor, of B Company, 2nd Border Regiment, is very anxious to learn some particulars of her boy's death. He was killed on October 2. Mrs. Taylor's address is 20, Compton-street, Banbury, Oxon.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

For England, S.E.—Rainy at first; snow or sleet in places; improving temporarily later; temperature below the normal.

VIVID WAR PICTURES BY TINY CHILDREN.

Imaginative Youngsters Who Revel in Deadly Combats.

"BRITONS ALWAYS WIN."

Some wonderful war pictures drawn by children under seven years of age are published in to-day's Daily Mirror.

They are the work of some of the youngsters attending the Wandale London County Council Schools, Wandsworth, and the young artists were not helped or prompted in any way.

They have what is called a "self-expression" lesson at the school, and one day last week when they were asked what they would like to do they all asked to "draw pictures of the war."

They set to work with coloured crayons, and produced some remarkably vivid drawings of exciting naval battles, airship invasions, bayonet charges, and British camps surprised at night by German infantry and German aeroplanes.

A study of the pictures shows that:—

The British never have any casualties. The Germans always get killed, or are always having the worst of it.

The enemy's Zeppelins and aeroplanes are invariably in flames.

The cannon balls "of our artillery never fail to hit their mark."

SPLENDID OPTIMISTS.

"Children are the most splendid optimists in the world," Miss Flatley, the headmistress of the infants' department, told The Daily Mirror.

"According to their ideas the British Army is always victorious and every German engaged with us always gets killed. A British defeat is an utter impossibility with them."

"I should think at least 50 per cent. of the children have fathers, brothers, uncles or cousins at the front."

"While the boys always draw vivid battle scenes, with soldiers fighting on all sides, the

LIEUTENANT R. W. GUNTHER.



A court-martial has been held on Lieutenant R. W. Gunther for wearing, it is alleged, a D.S.O. ribbon to which he was not entitled.

girls like Red Cross wagons and nurses best. A tiny boy named George Braddock depicts in his drawings the German flag flying over the Belgian flag is waving close to a burning house and the London Scottish are evidently the heroes, as one of their number—a queer-looking figure wearing a green kilt—is charging a dozen Germans with deadly effect.

A burning Zeppelin is in the foreground and a scared airman is lowering himself to the ground by a rope. The German artillery are seen firing a cannon and a dead Union is lying beside his horse.

RIOT OF BLOODSHED.

Another small artist lets his imagination run riot, and he portrays a threefold battle on sea, on land and in the air. A British aeroplane has destroyed a Zeppelin, and the German crew are seen falling headlong to the ground.

"Of course, our soldiers always win," explained one of the children. "I have had a letter from my father who has gone to the battle. He is not coming back until he has killed a German."

A few days ago a visitor asked some of the children what they wished for at Christmas. To give the Kaiser for a Christmas-box. There was a chorus of indignation from the children and all sorts of terrible suggestions were made. "Then one boy shot up his hand. 'Please, sir,'" he said, "with a note of withering scorn in his voice, 'we should send him a German sausage!'"

TRAGEDY OF ARTIST'S WIFE.

The story of a terrible tragedy was told at Ashford (Kent) on Saturday, when an inquest was held concerning the death of Mrs. Mary Frances Crane, wife of Mr. Walter Crane, the well-known artist. Deceased was found dead on the railway near King'snorth. A verdict of Suicide while of unsound mind was returned.

Mrs. Crane, who was sixty-eight years old, had been staying for a rest cure at King'snorth. She had been suffering from sleeplessness and nervous debility, but had been getting better. She was missed at five o'clock on Friday morning and subsequently her body, with a fractured skull, was found on the railway line

GERMANS STILL FONDLY DREAMING OF ZEPPELIN ATTACK ON LONDON

Relying on a Fog for Chance to Sate Their Bitter Hatred.

MORE TRENCHES STORMED AND TAKEN BY ALLIES.

British Forced to Yield Some Captured Positions in Fierce Fighting.

ADVANCE BY INDIANS WHO WIN HUNDREDS OF YARDS.

Devoured by hatred of Britain and finding their way to the coast barred by the Allies' lines, the Germans are reported to be still cherishing the idea of a Zeppelin raid on London—in the fog!

Meanwhile, as a result of the British air raid on Lake Constance, the Zeppelins never leave their sheds, while the German forces trying to reach Calais make no progress, and lose first line trenches almost daily.

The capture of more trenches by the Allies is reported in yesterday's French communiqué. Desperate attacks resulted in a part of the first line of German trenches being stormed and taken.

How splendid is the spirit of the Allies—who never lose ground without reconquering it later—is shown by the fact that south-east of Albert the trench captured by the Allies on December 17 and lost the following day has now been recaptured. A magnificent achievement this!

Saturday's French communiqué was no less encouraging, for it recorded the storming and taking of many new positions.

The British troops were again and again in the thick of the fighting.

They lost, in the direction of Neuvechappele, some of the trenches taken the previous day, but the Indian corps advanced some hundreds of yards towards Richebourg-L'Avoue.

ALLIES' GUNS WORK HAVOC IN GERMAN LINES.

Foe's Observation Posts and Shelters Destroyed—Trenches Won.

PARIS, Dec. 20.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

Between the sea and the Lys we have gained a little ground in front of Nieuport and Saint Georges.

To the east and to the south of Ypres, where the enemy is reinforcing his defensive organisations, there have been artillery engagements and a slight progress on our part.

From the Lys to the Oise the allied forces got possession of a part of the German first line trenches along the front Richebourg-L'Avoue-Givrychuy-Lez-La Bassée.

To the south-east of Albert the trench carried by us on the 17th, near Malincourt, and lost on the 18th, was recaptured yesterday.

In the Lihons district the Germans attacked us twice very violently in an attempt to recapture the trenches taken by us on the 18th. They were repulsed.

From the Oise to the Argonne the superiority of our artillery showed itself by the interruption of the enemy's fire, the destruction of machine-gun shelters and observation posts and the dispersal of a concentration.

THREE ATTACKS REPELLED.

In the Argonne, in the Gurie wood, we repelled three attacks, two on Fontaine Madam and another on St. Hubert.

Between the Argonne and the Vosges there is no striking incident to report.—Reuter.

WARSHIPS SHELL COAST.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 19.—The *Telegraaf's* Sluis correspondent states that the gun firing became fiercer this afternoon.

During the fighting the Allibis were assisted by warships from the sea.

The Yser battle continues, and trains with wounded arrived at Bruges, but most of the men were sent further eastwards.

Reinforcements have been sent from North Flanders to the front, and the five brigades at Blankenberg and Knocke were called upon to maintain order along the coast.

Fighting is taking place near Roulers, but the town is still in the possession of the Germans.—Exchange.

The *Telegraaf* states that 1,500 volunteers

cyclists, provided with short rifles, revolvers and long swords, arrived at Olmen, Meerhout, Heppen, Oostham and Queademachelen, near the Dutch frontier, from the east on Thursday.—Exchange.

PARIS, Dec. 19.—The well-known Alsatian caricaturist Hanri, who was condemned for treason by the High Court of Leipzig, and who enlisted as a private at the beginning of the war, has been promoted to the rank of lieutenant in the Interpreting Section.—Exchange.

AIR BOMBS ON TOWNS.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 19.—The Berlin papers report that two hostile airmen appeared on the night of the 17th to the 18th over Saarburg, Lorraine, throwing ten bombs.

A non-commissioned officer and one Uhlan were killed, and a servant girl was severely wounded. The material damage was insignificant.

Later the same airmen dropped two bombs on Henning and two on the railway station at Rieding.—Reuter.

STILL BURNING TO ATTACK LONDON FROM THE AIR.

British Rad on Zppeln Sheds Stop Promsn Lakeside Industr.

PARIS, Dec. 20.—The Berne correspondent of the *Matin* telegraphs that the Germans still cherish an artless belief in the possibility of a successful Zeppelin raid on London, if advantage is taken of foggy weather.

He adds, however, that the experiments conducted until recently with so much mystery by German dirigibles over Lake Constance have ceased since the bid raid of the British airmen upset their building programme, which was getting on marvellously.

NEW AIRSHIP CAMAGED.

In spite of the reticence of the Prussian Staff and all the German denials, proceeds the correspondent, it can be stated that the material damage done was of a serious character, and that a dirigible, which was to have begun its trials on the very day after the raid, was badly damaged.

Since the raid not a single airship has come out of the sheds and the minutes and most careful precautions have been taken against a fresh attack, of which serious fears seem to be entertained.

"STAR SHELLS" AT NIGHT.

At night the whole of the German side of the lake is in absolute darkness, while at frequent intervals star shells light up the skies. Orders have also been given to the inhabitants to stay at home in the event of an alarm.—Reuter.

SERBIANS SWEEPING ON TO SERAJEVO.

Four Days from City Where First Sparks of the Great War Glowed.

Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia—where the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, and his wife set glowing the first spark of the European conflagration—is threatened by the Serbians.

According to an Exchange special telegram from Paris yesterday, the *Matin* correspondent at Petrograd says it is confirmed that the Serbians are advancing on Serajevo, where they should be in three or four days.

ROME, Dec. 20.—A telegram from Cettigne states that following the Serbian defeat of the Austrians the combined Serbian and Montenegrin Armies operating in Bosnia and Herzegovina have resumed a vigorous offensive with the most successful results along the entire front.

The Montenegrins yesterday reoccupied Vischoart, and a Serbian column has retaken Baina-Bachta and Rogacika.—Exchange Special.

ROME, Dec. 19.—The *Corriere della Sera* states that in the battle of Belgrade the Austro-Hungarians lost 60,000 men in killed and wounded.

After the evacuation of Belgrade the Serbians further captured four flags, 150 guns and Maxim 1,200 horses, 150 prisoner wagons and 120,000 rifles.—Central News.

On the Lower Danajec and in South Poland the Austrians claim to have routed the Russians, according to a Vienna official telegram, says a Reuter Amsterdam message.

"SAVE YOUR BREAD!"

VIENNA, Dec. 18.—Economy in all foodstuffs is the order of the day now in Germany as well as in Austria-Hungary.

Some idea of the conditions in Germany can be formed from a circular just issued by the Prussian Ministry of Trade and Commerce and reproduced in the Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung*.

After telling how Germany's enemies are trying to starve her out, the Minister makes a most piteous appeal to the public to exercise the greatest economy in food.

"Save your bread," he says, "that the hopes of the enemy may be confounded. Show respect for your daily bread, and then you will always have it, no matter how long the war lasts."

"Don't despise a piece of bread because it's stale. Don't cut off your bread when you are going to eat. Eat 'Kriegsbrot' (war bread). You can tell it by the letter K. It's satisfying and just as nourishing as the other kind of bread."

"If everybody eats it we needn't worry any more as to whether we shall always have bread."

"Who first peels potatoes and then cooks them wastes a lot."

"Cook them in their skins and thus save."

'POMPADOUR CIRCUMSTANCE' FOR EGYPT'S SULTAN.

State Process on Through Cairo of Ruler of New British Protectorate.

CAIRO, Dec. 19.—To-morrow (Sunday) Sultan Hussein leaves the Palace of his son kamel-ed-Din for the Abidin Palace.

The streets will be lined with troops. His Majesty will be escorted by British cavalry and a Khedivial escort.

A salute will be fired from the Citadel at 9.30, when the cortege starts for the Abidin Palace, which will be reached at 9.50.

Members of the Legislative Assembly, notables, etc., will await Sultan Hussein in a large tent in Abidin-square, and the British and Egyptian guards of honour with a band will be opposite the Palace door.

The Grand Master of the Ceremonies, the Khedivial Princes, the leading Ulemas, the Patriarchs, the Advisers, the Under-Secretaries and the Presidents of the Court of Appeal will meet his Majesty at the door of the Palace.

The Sultan then proceeds to the reception room, where he will receive the first visit of Mr. Cheetham, the Acting High Commissioner, and the staff of the Agency, and afterwards General Maxwell and Admiral Maxwell, accompanied by the Generals of the Army of Occupation. These visits over, the Sultan receives the Princes and Ulemas, etc.

In the afternoon the Sultan returns the visit of Mr. Cheetham and the general officers at the British Agency.—Reuter.

VICEROY'S SON DIES OF WOUNDS.

DILHI, Dec. 19.—The utmost sympathy is felt here by the Viceroy, who has received the news that his son, Lieutenant E. C. Harding, 15th Hussars, has succumbed to blood poisoning consequent on his wounds.—Reuter.

REBEL LEADER EXECUTED

PETROBRASIA, Dec. 20.—Captain Fourie, one of the rebel leaders, tried yesterday by court-martial, was shot at dawn to-day.

The sentence of death passed on his brother, Lieutenant Fourie, has been commuted to five years' imprisonment.—Reuter.



Men of Harrow who have received military training in the past have formed two companies and become attached to the 8th Middlesex Regiment for home service. Many of them are veterans.

INDIAN TROOPS RUSH GERMAN SAP-HEADS.

Landwehr Sick of the War and of Harsh Treatment by Their Officers.

SPIKED HELMETS GO.

In his latest narrative "Eye-Witness" mentions that the Indians rushed two German sap-heads and took possession of them.

The Germans, he says, appear to be discarding their helmets, the Pickelhauben.

Also probably for the purposes of concealment, they are covering the red bands of their forage caps with strips of grey cloth.

Many variations in their uniforms are now to be seen, some of the troops wearing their peacetime clothing, which is of brighter colour than the grey service dress.

The Landwehr are sick of the war and harsh treatment by their officers.

WAR OF OBSTACLES.

The following are extracts from his account: December 17.—There is now some definite action on our front to report. In co-junction with the French, who are also pressing, a forward movement has been started which has resulted in a small gain of ground.

On the night of the 13th to the south of the Lys, some of the Indian troops rushed two German sap-heads and gained possession of them.

EOTH SIDES ADVANCE.

North of Ypres the Germans also withdrew at certain points. That night the enemy fired 2.0 shells into Arras.

Next day, Tuesday, there was no advance made by either side. To the north of the Lys our artillery action continued and our infantry maintained the gain in ground made the day before.

In the centre a minor attack against a German trench was also successful. Beyond our right the French gained some ground.

On Thursday, the 17th, nothing happened on our right.

FLEW THEMSELVES UP.

In this quarter of the field two German soldiers who had crawled out of their trenches to throw hand grenades were both blown up by a premature burst of one of these missiles.

From a prisoner captured on the 14th it has been ascertained that both the 23rd Regiment and Jagers suffered enormous losses on November 4. The same man described November 5 as a "terrible day."

We have reason to believe from the evidence of prisoners that many of the Landwehr are heartily sick of the war and resent the harsh treatment of their officers.

They have been persuaded that the British ill-treat their prisoners, and but for this some would be willing to surrender.

The opposition now being encountered resembles to some extent that met with by us in the beginning of October, when we first reached the Franco-Belgian frontier and before the Germans brought up their full force and assumed the offensive.

It has one great difference, however, and that is that the enemy is in much greater force and his positions are much stronger and better organised than they were two months ago.

This some really amounts to a maze of fire trenches and obstacles.

THREE KINGS' WORK FOR PEOPLE'S SAKE.

Agreements Reached by Rulers of Norway, Sweden and Denmark in Conference.

STOCKHOLM, Dec. 19.—The following communiqué was issued this evening after the departure of the three Kings from Stockholm:—

The meeting of the three Monarchs (at Moscow) was inaugurated on Friday with a speech by King Gustav, who, in alluding to the unanimous desire of the kingdoms of the north to preserve their neutrality, pointed out how desirable would be limited co-operation between the kingdoms for the safeguarding of common interests.

His Majesty added that it was with a deep sense of the responsibility towards the present and future which would be incurred if any measure which would contribute to the welfare of the three peoples were neglected that he had invited the Monarchs of Denmark and Norway to meet him.

Kings Haakon and Christian replied to them testifying their sincere joy at the initiative of King Gustav by expressing their hope that the conference would have good and happy results.

The conference terminated this evening.

It was agreed to pursue the co-operation so happily begun, and to arrange, whenever circumstances should give occasion, fresh meetings between the representatives of the three Governments.—Reuter.

MALMOE, Dec. 20.—There was a dinner party here at half-past seven, the Kings of Sweden, Denmark and Norway being present.

The three Monarchs subsequently went to the harbour, where all three went on board the *Heimdal*. After a cordial farewell, Kings Gustav and Haakon left the *Heimdal*.—Reuter.

THE GERMAN EAST COAST MURDERS: FUNERALS.



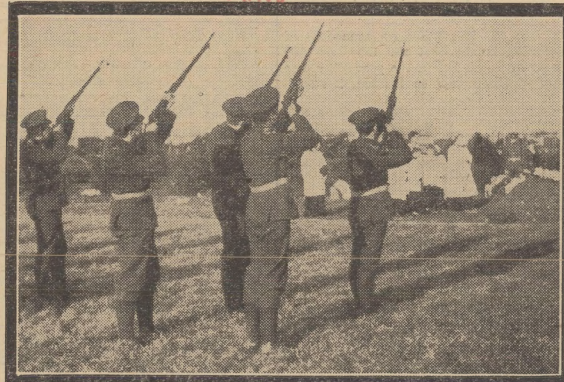
The funeral of Coastguard Randall at Whitby.



Archbishop of York, held service.



Funeral at Scarborough of Postman Beal.



Firing the last volley over Private Jones, killed at Hartlepool.

A number of the victims of the German bombardment were buried on Saturday. There were pathetic scenes at the cemeteries. One civilian, whose young wife had been murdered by the German Navy, was quite prostrated with grief. At Scarborough the Archbishop of York addressed a memorial service and spoke sternly of Germany's ferocity.

STARTING OFF TO WATCH THE GERMANS.



A Belgian biplane starting off on a voyage of reconnaissance over the German lines in Flanders. In the foreground is a company of Belgian soldiers with stacked arms. The Belgian aviation service has been most successful.

A GREAT CAPTAIN.



Captain R. Carey, of the Queen, who rescued 2,000 refugees from the Admiral Ganteaume, has received a pin from the King.



The late Lieutenant Hon. E. C. Hardinge, who has died from wounds. It was thought he would recover.

DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON · LONDON · W

Fur Cuirasse

The reversible Fur Cuirasse is a single piece Garment worn under Tunic, with shaped opening in centre—is drawn over the head and fastens at sides. The chest, shoulders, stomach, and entire back are completely covered, affording protection from the chills so easily taken from exposure to the bleak icy coldness of winter fighting.

Chills cause more havoc than bullets.



10/-



Reversible Cuirasse, showing back.



The Fur Cuirasse is made of warm New Zealand Ooney, Chinese Kid, Chinese Marmot or Grey Squirrel, and lined Grey or Khaki Cloth. Can be worn either side (as illustrations).

10/-

Carriage paid.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1914.

GOOD FOR OTHER PEOPLE.

ON SATURDAY (as you well remember) we were allotted in the morning a rather unusual climatic combination of high wind, torrential rain, flashes of lightning, and roars of thunder. It was simultaneously cold, hot, dark, light and, all through, amazingly nasty. People's tempers are said to have improved since the war began, but nobody's temper could resist this weather. It was noticed on Saturday that casual jokes and passing talk were concerned chiefly with Zeppelin bombs as being good for other people.

It was only to be expected that Zeppelin should be the first word facetiously pronounced after the first sudden peal of thunder. Everybody said it; taxicabbers shouted it at one another; omnibus-conductors repeated it. And whenever anybody got in front of anybody else, or (as is customary) rammed a spiked umbrella into another person's face, or refused to move up in a wet tube lift, or stood immovable in doorways when many sought to enter, or walked slowly with six others wielding six perambulators right across the pavement, or would not decide what she wanted in any shop, but pecked reflectively instead at a dozen things while she kept all the others waiting—whenever any of this happened (and in spite of the war it was happening all over London on Saturday) the people who suffered from it cried out aloud or muttered within themselves: "Oh for a Zeppelin bomb!"

An impression that Zeppelin bombs are good for other people is curiously common just now.

No doubt we do not wish to see our neighbours, or even the people we dislike, strewn dispersed in fragments about the streets. We do not put it so crudely. We do not see it so vividly. We vaguely hint at the great need for other people to reform and buck up and do things in a generally swifter and more effective manner. And to make this perfectly clear we suggest a Zeppelin bomb as a tonic for them.

A similar suggestion was made a day or two ago by one of our correspondents on the subject of the Scarborough affair. So good for Scarborough he seemed to imply—wake 'em up a bit—boom in recruiting—serve 'em right—teach 'em to be Yorkshiremen. And we can imagine our correspondent adding: "I am a Sussex man myself" as he wrote his letter. Then came a crash of thunder to make him think.

Now what a just if dreadful judgment it would be (thinks the Yorkshireman) if suddenly a Zeppelin bomb fell on the Sussex man as he was writing those words. That would wake him up a bit—good for him—help him to join the Army if there was anything left of him. "He wants a Zeppelin bomb."

Thus it has come to be clear that what we all want for one another—and consequently for ourselves also—is a bomb. It is merely a new way of expressing our need for the reformation of our neighbours. It is an exaggeration, quite harmless in joke. It is a common wish that serves to relieve ill-temper when it rains, hails, snows, blows, thunders and lightens at one moment. And this, all this, it managed to do on Saturday. Hence the talk about bombs.

W. M.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2½d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The East and the West is God's; therefore, whichever way ye turn, there is the face of God. —The Koran.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

THE WAITS.

SURELY we might be spared "waits" this year. Everybody seems to dislike them. Their waiting is more than ever a nuisance in a time of universal anxiety. Let them this year make the sacrifice of keeping quiet. N. W. E. Collingham-road, S.W.

CHRISTMAS LEAVE.

WE ENGLISH are great complainers. We mean no harm, and the spirit of self-sacrifice is as strong in us as in any race in the world. We like to have our little growl. That is clear enough. See how our soldiers complain to you about Christmas leave, for instance! Surely to give every man leave for Christmas would be as good as to declare that truce which

tunately, had to leave—one owing to ill-health and one owing to increasing years.

Now, what is the reason which militates against my getting servants?

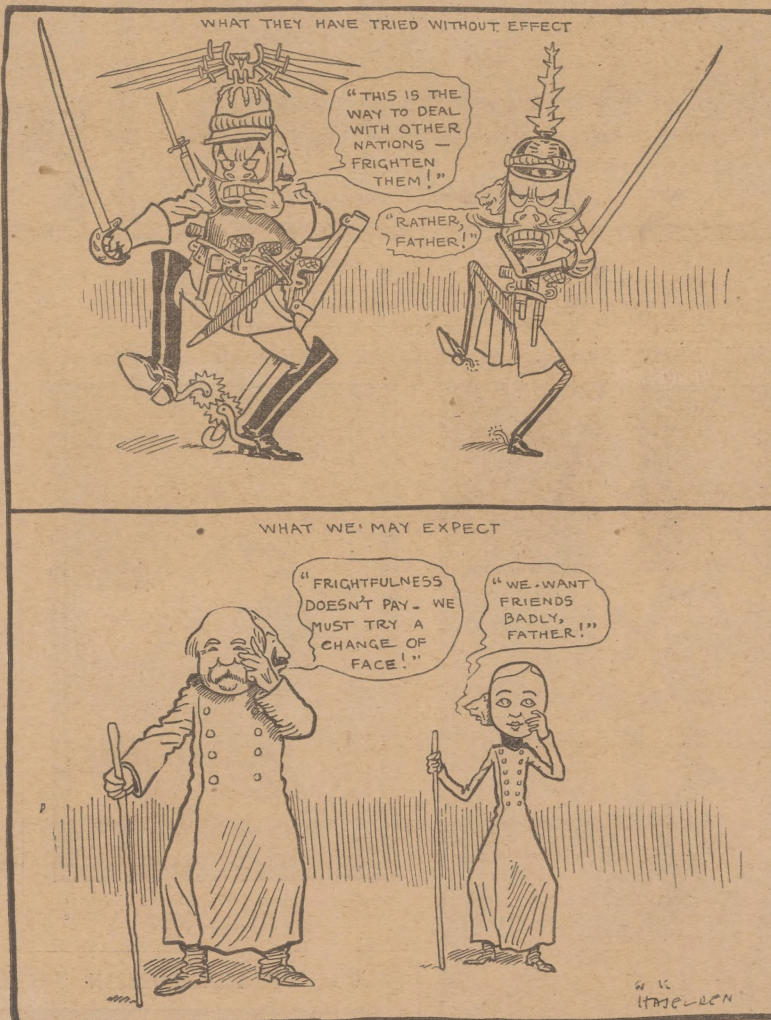
Simply and solely this: We live in a country district, on the borders of Wales, three and a half miles from a station, and the girls of the present day will not come into the country away from the excitement of the cinemas and so forth.

Failing the usual servant class, and seeing in a widely-read contemporary of yours "an earnest appeal for employment on behalf of distressed gentlefolk," I got into communication with the advertisers. Result—two interviews at a cost to myself of 10s.

A. liked the place very much, but it was too far away from her sister.

B. wished to do no rough work, and was kind

THE WILLIES' WAR MASKS: A STUDY IN FACES



The German theory of war-frightfulness has been an utter failure. It has merely stimulated resistance and aroused the world's condemnation of Germany. In the utterances of her diplomats, there are from time to time indications that some Germans, at any rate, would like to try a new pose—a mask of gentleness and martyred saintliness. They might certainly do better with that.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

your leading article pointed out was impossible. Is the giving up of Christmas leave just for once too much for our brave men? I am sure it is not. Only they must have something to complain of.

SERVANTS AND WAR.

THE LETTERS from your correspondents in your widely-read paper on the servant question have interested me very much. I should like to make a few comments on "R."s" letter. "R." states that "there is a positive glut of servants on the market just now."

I should be very glad to know of the whereabouts of these superfluous servants. Since May I have spent some £5 in advertising—am in six registry offices—have interviewed dozens of "possibles"—on one occasion I drove over eighty miles to interview a cook, and still I am without one. Our last servants were with us respectively three and two years, but, unfor-

enough to say she would do a little sewing or washing delicate china.

If your correspondent "R." could put me into communication with some of the superfluous servants she knows of it would both be a benefit to myself and also to the servant.

THE EVERLASTING.

With wide-embracing love
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
Perpetuates and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.
—EMILY BRONTE.

BRITAIN AT WAR.

Comments from Our Readers on the East Coast Raid and Its Results.

THE BOOM TO RECRUITING.

IT IS a great pity that a 12in. shell did not fall on Grange Park, Kaling, and penetrate the house of your correspondent "M. E." Would he then have thought it quite such a boom for recruiting?

Surely the raid on Yarmouth was enough to wake England up?

I absolutely fail to see where it is in any way approaching a good thing, when it is a matter of 500 non-combatants killed and wounded.

However, "M. E." apparently cares little or nothing what others suffer as long as he himself continues to visit health resorts two or three months in the year to rid himself of rheumatism or some other complaint and criticise the townspeople as to whether they are stolid or not. I am one in great sympathy with the people of Scarborough, Hartlepool and Whitby. C. H. S. Clifton, Bristol.

MERELY MURDER.

I DO NOT think that the true significance of "the raid" has yet been fully appreciated. I rejoice to see that one jury endeavoured to return a verdict of wilful murder. That should have been the verdict, for murder it was—

Murder most foul, as in the best of us.

But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

We now have the most stimulating war cry a nation could possess—

"Remember the murdered women and children of Hartlepool, Scarborough and Whitby."

T. B. KENNEDY (Hull-Yorkshire).

"AGONY OF MIND."

MAY I be allowed to reply to the letter written by "M. E., Grange Park, Kaling? How anyone could think that "to wake up England" nothing better could have happened than an affair of this sort, and then to dare to express such thoughts in a letter passes my comprehension. All I can say is people with such opinions have never experienced such agony of mind as was the fate of we people (nice, but distinctly stolid) on Wednesday.

I do not think anything more terrible than such a bombardment without adequate shelter could be anyone's fate. M. F. Scarborough.

RUNAWAY RAIDS.

IF THE Germans think to make us Britons afraid by their "knock-at-the-door-and-run-away" raids, they have miscalculated, as usual.

We must set our teeth hard and show that we understand the difficulties of the Allied Navies, our trust in them and appreciation of the silent work they are doing.

The British in the North Sea and French and British in the Mediterranean have to contend with submarines, who can only skulk in harbours, from which they make piratical raids and give no chance of a fair fight. Many people who

forget this are saying "What is our Navy doing?"

Let us answer: "It is like a watchful bulldog, waiting for a chance."

UNDAUNTED.

IN MY GARDEN.

Dec. 20.—The veronicas (speedwell) give us many beautiful shrubs and plants for the garden. Although several shrubby veronicas are rather tender and can only be cultivated in warm localities or by the sea, there are two species that are perfectly hardy—traversi (a handsome shrub bearing white flowers in the summer) and buxifolia, which is dwarf-growing and useful for a bold edging.

Among the perennial veronicas, spicata (blue and 2ft. high), gentianoides, repens and incana are indispensable. The two last named should be grown on the rocky or border of the garden.

R. F. T.

THE EMDEN'S LANDING PARTY WATCH THEIR SHIP SUNK.



The landing-party abandon all hope of rejoining the Emden and return to land.

This is the landing-party from the Emden, which destroyed a British wireless station. They could not rejoin their ship but saw the Sydney sink her. The first lieutenant watched the



The Emden's first lieutenant watches his ship sink

Emden destroyed through his telescope, and did not seem to be in any way upset by her fate. The landing party then made off, and for a time escaped.

THE KAISER'S LAST PLUNGE.



An Italian cartoonist depicts in *L'Asino* a scene which he calls "The Last Act of the War Tragedy." The Kaiser, the Austrian Emperor and the Devil go down to Hades in each other's company.

STIRRING THE PUDDING.



A French "pioupion" is making a Christmas pudding near the French trenches. The little peasant girl is much interested.

OUR COAST TRENCHES.



One of the British trenches on our East Coast. They are just like the trenches in France and are ready for any possible raid.

ONE OF THE RUSSIAN TRENCHES IN FRONT OF WARSAW.



"Take Warsaw at all costs" has for long been the Kaiser's order, but the Germans have not taken the city yet. Here is one of the many Russian trenches which bar the way of the Germans.

THE YOUNG IDEA: CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS IN WAR TIME.

98259



The charge of the London Scottish.

98259



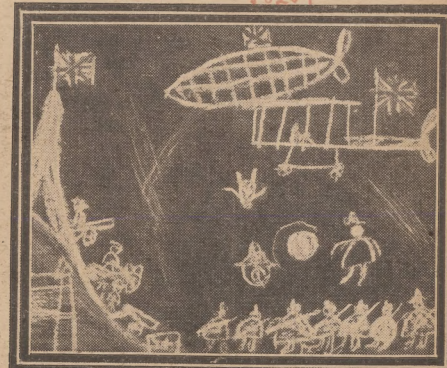
German soldiers blown out of Zeppelin.

9-11908 F



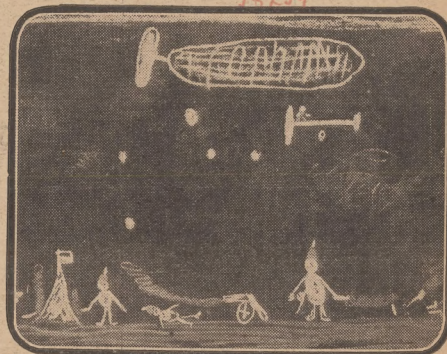
A German child's dream of the war.

98259



British child's drawing: British aeroplane attacks Zeppelin.

98259



British attack Zeppelin—a favourite subject.

Both the British and German children are thinking of nothing but the war just now. In the centre above is reproduced a German artist's idea of a German child's dreams. The other

drawings are the work of little British children, all under seven, of the Wandale London County Council School. They illustrate a child's notion of battle.

THE WEDDING BELLS ARE STILL BUSY: THREE INTERESTING WEEK-END MARRIAGES.

P.16993



Lieutenant W. Clough, son of Mr. W. Clough, M.P. for Skipton, was married at Brayton Church on Saturday to Miss Mary Anson.

P.9411



The Hon. Mary Gardner, daughter of Lady Burghclere, who was married on Saturday at Westminster Abbey to the Hon. Geoffrey Hope Morley.

P.16993



On Saturday afternoon at All Saints', West Dulwich, Miss Fernau was married to Lieutenant Samuel Wallace-Graham, a Canadian officer. They met in Canada.



'Grekis' Perfume, a delicate, charming Oriental odour
Boots Special Price, 2/6



White Heather, a perfume of extreme delicacy
Boots Special Prices 3/6, 6/6, 10/6



Beautiful leather-bound, satin-lined with cut-glass bottle. Scent Casket Girofle Oriental Perfume
Boots Special Price, 10/6



Devonshire Violets, a perfume giving the true odour of growing violets
Boots Special Prices 2/-, 3/6, 5/-, 6/6
Presentation Casket 4/9

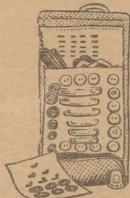


Nickel Shaving Set, with mirror and heater
Boots Special Price, 9/11

Practical Sensible Gifts

In Boots The Chemists Gift Departments

will be found a great choice of Gifts—thousands of artistic and really useful articles. The variety combines beauty, utility—and in every department extreme value is given. All our Gifts have been chosen with discrimination to meet the present need—economy.



The Service Roll-up Gent's Hussif in khaki fitted as illustrated
Boots Special Price, 1/-
Other qualities—6d. to 10/6



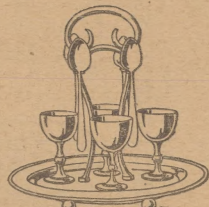
The "Pirate" Alarm Clock
Boots Special Price, 2/11



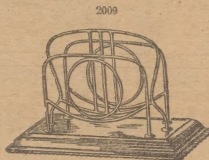
The "Rouser" Long Alarm Clock
Boots Special Price, 7/6



China Shaving Mug,
Boots Special Price, 1/11



Best quality Electroplated Egg Frame,
Boots Special Price..... 10/6



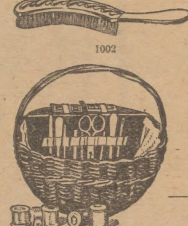
Gilt Photo Frames.
Postcard size, 10½d.
Cabinet 1/-
Imperial 1/11



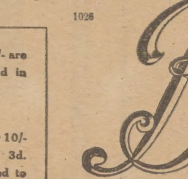
Polished Brass Letter Rack..... 2/11



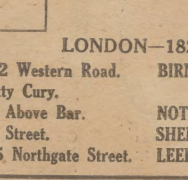
Best quality Electroplated Muffin Dish,
Boots Special Price..... 10/6



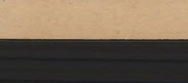
Electro-plated Eandé-Cologne Slip... 2/6



Smooth Lambskin Prima Donna Bag, three sizes.
1/6, 1/11, 2/6½



Electro-plated Sugar Scuttle, with scoop.
Boots Special Price 7/6



Bronze Brass Crumb Set 3/6

Best quality Electroplated Shell Butter Dish, glass lining.
Boots Special Price..... 3/11

Lady's Sewing Basket, fitted as illustrated.
Boots Special Price 7/6

Fitted Draw-up Work Bag..... 2/6
Larger sizes, 2/11, 3/11

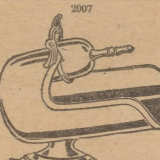
Monitor shape Jewel Case, in three sizes
Boots Special Prices, 3/6, 4/6, 6/6



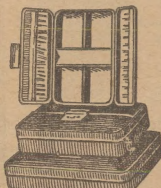
New Note Case—
Boots Special Prices,
In morocco..... 6d.
In pig skin 1/-
In velvet calf... 1/6



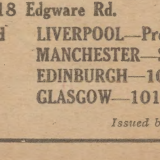
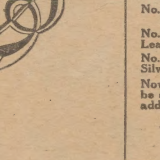
All makes of Safety Razors stocked.
Gillette, 21/- Seven o'clock 10/6
Auto-Strip 21/- Clemak 5/-
Du'ham - Duplex Demonstration Razor, 2/6; Sets in Case 10/6, 21/-
Boots Safety Razor Sets, 5/- to 10/6



Single Razors of all descriptions
Boots Special Prices, 1/- to 9/6



Monitor shape Jewel Case, in three sizes
Boots Special Prices, 3/6, 4/6, 6/6



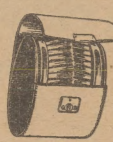
Jersey Castle Eau de Cologne, in wickered bottle
Boots Special Prices, 2/9, 5/3



Cut-glass Toilet Bottle
Boots Special Price, 9/11



Old English Lavender Water, two sizes
Boots Special Prices, 2/3, 5/6



Gent's Solid Leather Brush Case, fitted ebony or satinwood military brushes
Boots Special Price, 10/6
Other qualities— from - 5/11 to 52/-



Boots Popular Vacuum Flasks,
Boots Special Prices, 3/3, 4/6, 4/9, 6/6, 6/9, 8/9
Autotherm, Thermos, and other leading makes always in stock.

Orders above 10/- are sent carriage paid in Great Britain.

With orders under 10/- an extra sum of 3d. should be enclosed to cover carriage.

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LIVERPOOL—Premier Buildings, Church St.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann Street.
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ILLUSTRATED LISTS.
No. 1.—Everything in Toilet Requisites.
No. 2.—Everything in Leather & Fancy Goods.
No. 3.—Everything in Silver & Electro Plate.
Now ready. These will be sent post free to any address. Send a postcard now to—
THE NEAREST BRANCH.

THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.



New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head, which helps to balance matters.

VALERIE CRAVEN, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike in look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

JOHN HILLIER, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

STANHOPE LANE, a "smart" man about town, whose sense of honour is a very elastic one where his own desires are concerned.

SIR GEORGE CLAIR, a heavy, brutal type of man, with no aspirations of any kind.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cuffin, a relative of Mrs. Cuffin. As he speaks he catches hold of the girl's wrists and draws her towards him. She is startled. They are seen by Mrs. Cuffin, who is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy.

"I have no further use of your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips.

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with whom she lives. On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face. With a little childish impulse, Sylvia goes up to it and brushes her lips across the glass.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her.

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair.

The other letter is from John Hillier! As she reads her heart sickens within her.

John Hillier has been blinded by a blasting operation, and his work-day life is finished.

Sylvia sits there frozen with horror and pain. John Hillier blind and killed!

Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds swiftly into her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier is alone and wants love. She could give it—she knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

On the verandah of a bungalow in Magalla, in India, John Hillier is sitting in an attitude of intent listening, as he has been sitting for many days. Suddenly he hears a faint noise. "Who's there?" he demands sharply.

"It is—Valerie," says a girl's voice, almost in a whisper.

Hillier believes it to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters the whole world for him, and he finds that there is something to live for after all. A week or two passes, and they are married very quietly.

As she returns to the bungalow after the ceremony she finds an amazing letter from Valerie. In it she says that she is on her way out to India to join Hillier. The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after understanding that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes.

That night at dinner she tells Hillier that he is heir to a baronetcy and £20,000 a year. Sylvia at once guesses why her sister came out to India. Later Valerie tells her that she must speak to her privately that night. They go off together to an ancient palace.

The next thing is that Sylvia bursts into the room where Hillier is, and falls in a dead faint, and Valerie is found dead in the ruins of the palace, apparently killed by a fall.

The Hilliers leave India and arrive in England. The first person Sylvia sees is Sir George Clair, who stares very hard at her.

FEARS AND SHADOWS.

SIR GEORGE CLAIR... the man who was so strangely knit into the mystery of her sister's hidden life in those weeks after they had parted in England. She had only met him once; could it be possible that he had recognised her, Sylvia wondered. Or, had he been misled by her resemblance to Valerie?

It was well for Sylvia that the fatigue and excitement of their landing gave her a legitimate excuse for going at once to her room to lie down, with the plea of a headache, when they reached the hotel. She could not have hidden

her state of nervous tension from her husband for many minutes longer.

Here, before she had been in England an hour—already she had been seen and recognised by one person out of her meagre stock of acquaintances. . . . As she sat before the fire in the prim-looking hotel bedroom, a huddled, shivering little figure, she told herself that her life moved in a circle. The past was not to be evaded. . . . slowly, but surely, the steps of her fate were leading her back to the point where she had started.

"It's only a matter of time," she told herself. "I must have been mad to imagine that I could ever escape detection in England. . . . sooner or later the truth must come to Jack's ears."

But now it was too late for her to tell him the truth herself—with any hope of his forgiveness. The imposture had been carried on too long—forgiveness was buried under an ever-mounting mound of lies.

Sitting there with her chin propped on her clasped hands she remembered the day in the bedroom at Napier, when Jack was allowed to see her for the first time after her illness, and how, far away in the village, the native drum beating for a moment from the treadmill whose steps were unanswerable questions.

What had happened in those forgotten hours after she had stood with Valerie, pleading so desperately for mercy, in the glare of the moonlight under the Magalla road? Pleading, pleading for mercy—for time, only a little time?

How had Valerie come to overbalance herself and fall—that sheer drop not to the hard, beaten earth, but to a place where she had never been? What was the terror that had set her running through the night to fall insensible at Anthony Henderson's feet?

And the mystery of Valerie's supposed marriage? What was the explanation of that? Who had the man Valerie was supposed to have married stood in the roadway, staring after the cab when he had caught sight of her, with all the colour wiped out suddenly from his big, florid face?

What was the circle of her life as it revolved going to bring her? What?

No answer at all to these questions that repeated themselves torturingly in a hundred varied forms. Only the world seemed to be filled with a growing army of vague fears.

Presently, as the chill of the room roused her out of the lethargy of her thoughts, she crept to the door and unlocked it; then, dressed as she was, lay down for a few moments on the bed, for Jack must not find her sitting there before the ashes of a dead fire.

But sleep stole on her out of the ambush of her fatigue, and the maid who came in softly thought that she had never seen a more charming sight than the small, sleep-flushed face that rested on the pillow among the masses of tawny, red-gold hair.

It was almost a shock to catch sight of the wedding ring on the hand that lay outflung against the dark satin of the eiderdown quilt. She was so young-looking—more like a child than a married woman.

It was long past midnight when Sylvia awoke and lay wondering where she was, missing the familiar motion of the boat. Then, as she remembered, she started up in dismay, and herself lying there still dressed on the outside of the bed.

On the table by the bedside, under the lamp that had been carefully shaded so that no light could fall upon her sleeping face, she saw an envelope addressed in the scrawling hand that Hillier managed to write, despite his blindness.

Full of sick dread, she tore it open.

"Dear—don't be alarmed. I find I must go straight on to London to-night. The excellent Johnson accompanies me. Go on to Greyslyke as arranged. I'll join you there to-morrow—Jack."

What did it mean? Something very vital, very unexpected, to cause Jack to leave her in this way.

The hotel bedroom struck very chill; its walls seemed to recede and dissolve, its shadowy spaces to widen, till she sat alone in a vast, grey, empty world.

THE CIRCLE IS COMPLETED.

AFTER the first shock of Jack's unexpected departure, it came to Sylvia as an intense relief that she was to make her first entrance into his home alone.

He had left all the arrangements in her hands, as, indeed, he usually did with all his affairs, and she managed matters so that she should arrive at Greyslyke practically unexpect—certainly without any of the ceremonial she had dreaded.

There was no carriage to meet her, consequently when she stepped from the train at the contrived little station of West Hailes the stationmaster passed her by with none of the obsequious respect Lady Hillier would have commanded, and only the rosy-cheeked old porter bustled himself with finding her a fly.

She gave no thought to the storm of comment that would be raised in the servants' hall by the arrival of the new mistress of Greyslyke and in a ramshackle station fly. All that concerned her was that, impostor as she was,

she would not come with colours flying into this house that was sacred ground for Jack.

The journey from Southampton had not been long as journeys go, but it had given her all too much time for thought. Now, as she drove through the soft haze of an April afternoon, Sylvia found that she had no time for thought. The exquisite beauty of an English countryside in spring took her senses captive in a golden net.

Woods on one side, over which was creeping a tender haze of green—a fairy vista of slender trunks with the unfolding fronds of the bracken about their feet, and in their far distances a shimmer of misty sunlight. A wide-stretching common on the other, ablaze with the fine gold of the gorse, and the delicate green of young heather. . . . and beyond—a grey line against the tender blue of the sky—the promise of the sea. Now and again, through some break in the woods, she had the glimpse of a grey pile and a flash of water.

Then, at a turn of the road, she saw the house that was Jack's home—an immense, irregular mass of buildings, as it seemed to her, crowned by a tower set high above its terraced gardens, on the green lawns of which peacocks were strutting.

"That's the Dyke," The driver turned on his seat, pointing with his whip. The people of West Hailes were proud of the old house that people travelled across the sea to visit—that had been old when they were young, and would stand, still dominating the countryside for miles around, when their children's children were old too.

The glamour of the spring beauty died out of Sylvia's heart. She felt frightened and chill again. An impostor. . . . against whom these grey stones might well cry out.

The rigid footmen received her with the impassive countenances of their kind. If the hall, that was dim and lofty and pillared, like the crypt of some great cathedral, the imposing housekeeper came forward, appearing as though by magic, and gave her welcome. There was nothing to suggest that it was not the most usual thing in the world for the new mistress of such a house to arrive alone, without luggage and in a station fly.

Sylvia explained that the luggage was to be collected at West Hailes—that she had not brought a maid, and that Sir John might be expected to arrive that night.

She felt like Tom Thumb in the giant's castle, she told herself whimsically as she followed the

housekeeper's broad, silk-clad back up the immense oaken staircase and down innumerable corridors that were lined with pictures and exquisite old cabinets and chests.

I ought to have brought stones in my pocket—or was it peas?—to strew as I go, that I may find my way back again when the time comes for me to make my escape."

She was immeasurably thankful when at last the door closed behind the housekeeper and she found herself alone in the beautiful room that had been prepared for her, with its four windows that framed exquisite pictures of the stretching gardens and the dim line of the hills beyond.

Presently a girl arrived with a tea-tray and explained that she was ready, if her ladyship desired her to do so, to act as her ladyship's maid until her ladyship was otherwise suited. The repetition of the title, to which she was so unaccustomed, jarred intolerably on Sylvia's nerves. She thanked the girl, told her that she would not require her services until her trunks arrived, and explained that she did not wish to be disturbed until they did so, and it was time to dress for dinner.

As the girl left the room Sylvia jumped up and locked the bedroom door.

For all her excitement she was conscious of an almost intolerable drowsiness; she had not slept at all last night after reading Jack's brief note, and the long drive through the strong air had increased her desire for sleep. She lay down on the big, wide couch set in an angle of the window and must have fallen asleep, for the next thing of which she was conscious was a gentle, but persistent, knocking at the door.

"Yes!" She was hardly yet awake, but the voice that answered brought her to her feet with a start.

"It's I—Jack. . . . Let me in, Valerie; I want to speak to you."

"My dear. . . ." She was at the door, and had unlocked it with eager fingers. "You're back—already. . . . Oh, but it seems almost too good to be true. Jack, you impossible and mysterious person! Come in and tell me everything."

She drew him inside the room, and laid her head against his sleeve, with the characteristic little caress he knew so well. She was afraid no longer. . . . there was no reason for fear. What ever Jack's news, it was good news. . . . one glance at his face had shown her that.

"Everything? That's a tall order. Oh, but I've great news, old girl. Positively great. D'you know why I rushed off, like that? I'd been told that the hotel after you had gone to your room. We got talking, and I spoke of Marazoff—naturally, it has been the one thought in my mind ever since he came within the bounds of a possibility. Lane knows the chap—told me he was leaving London to-day—I wanted to see him there was only that mad chance—to rush up last night. I tell you, I didn't stop to think. I went. I hope I didn't

(Continued on page 11.)

Quaker Oats is 6d. NOW

At last the enormous increase in the price of oats has compelled us reluctantly to raise the price of Quaker Oats to 6d. per packet.

The public will realise that this slight increase is as nothing compared with the increased cost of other foods.

Quaker Oats at 6d. is still the most nourishing and economical food you can buy, and

A Booklet of Recipes

showing how Quaker Oats can be prepared for every meal will be sent you free on request to Quaker Oats, Ltd., Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

Much more economical than Bread or Meat
40 Meals for 6d.

DRUNKARDS Cured quickly, secretly; cost trifling; free.
—Carbon Chemical Co., 522, Birmingham.

GRANDE MAISON DE DEUIL

Mourning Attire at Lowest Prices.



THIS COSTUME made to measure by our experienced Tailors in fine Suits or Cloth for 3 gns.

ARDING & HOBBS

LIMITED
CLAPHAM JUNCTION, S.W.

London's Most Modern Store.

NOTE: On Wednesday next, December 23rd, we shall remain open till 8 o'clock instead of closing at one o'clock.
Telephone: Battersea 4 (five lines).

BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. SPEND CHRISTMAS AT ENGLAND'S SUNNY SOUTH.

Good Service of FAST TRAINS from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), &c. to the South Coast Resorts. On Christmas Eve fast trains will be run nearly every hour from London to Brighton after 9.0 a.m.

CHEAP PERIOD EXCURSIONS

WILL BE RUN FROM LONDON, AS UNDER:—

| THE HOLIDAY TICKET. | TO | SPECIAL PERIOD |
|---------------------|------|----------------|
| 1st. | 2nd. | 3rd. |
| 14 0 | 7 9 | BRIGHTON |
| 14 0 | 7 9 | WORTHING |
| 15 0 | 8 3 | LITTLEHAMPTON |
| 16 0 | 8 6 | BURTON |
| 17 0 | 9 6 | HAYLING ISLAND |
| 19 0 | 9 6 | SOUTH SEA |
| 21 6 | 11 0 | PORTSMOUTH |
| 23 6 | 12 0 | RYE |
| 14 0 | 7 9 | SEAFOARD |
| 14 0 | 8 0 | EASTBOURNE |
| 14 0 | 8 0 | BENHILL |
| 14 0 | 8 0 | ST. LEONARDS |
| 14 0 | 8 0 | HASTINGS |

BE—issued by all trains on December 24th, 26th, 28th and 29th, available for return from December 26th to 29th, but tickets issued on December 24th, 26th and 28th will not be available for return on date of issue. C—issued by certain trains on December 24th, available for return on January 1st or 4th only. D—issued by specified train on December 24th, available for return by a specified train on December 26th, 27th, 29th, January 1st and 2nd only. * Not on December 26th or 27th.

BRIGHTON, WORTHING AND BACK.

| XMAS DAY. | BOXING DAY. | FROM | RETURN DAY. |
|-----------|-------------|---------------------|-------------|
| 8.40 a.m. | 8.55 a.m. | LONDON BRIDGE | 30 |
| 9.20 | 9.25 | SHOREDITCH | |
| 9.55 | 9.40 | VICTORIA | |
| 10.10 | 9.15 | KENSINGTON (A.R.M.) | |
| 9.48 | 9.10 | NEW CROSS | |
| 10.0 | 9.40 | CLAPHAM JUNCTION | |
| 10.8 | 9.50 | BALHAM | |

Cheap Excursion also runs on both days from Chelsea, Balham, Whitechapel, Shadwell, Wapping, Rotherhithe, Surrey Docks, Brockley, Honor Oak Park, Forest Hill, Sydenham, Penge, Anerley, Norwood Junction and Croydon.

CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS

Due to certain restrictions. For particulars, see Xmas Programme, or apply Superintendent of the Lines, L.B. & S.C.R., London Bridge.

SEND nine penny stamps to Newball & Mason, Nottingham, and they will send you a bottle of

Mason's Ginger Wine Essence which makes

One Gallon Ginger Wine with the addition of lump sugar.

All who apply before January 15th will receive a Neat Money Box, which makes a Useful Gift for the Children.

The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 9.)

alarm you, darling. But I knew how capable you were—"

"And you saw him?" There was a tremor in her voice. "Hillier's arm tightened round her. "I did—goose. Oh, Valerie... Of course, there wasn't time for a proper examination. But he was hopeful—amazingly hopeful. He's coming down here to make the examination. Think of it! Marzani, no less—put off his Russian tour; some grandee or other has got to wait while the great man comes down to attend to me!"

"He was like a foolish schoolboy in his joy. Sylvia could only sit grasping his hand closely in her own, thinking with a dull selfish fear, of which she was fiercely ashamed, that if this were so... Jack's hope was the death of her own."

Jack, with his sight restored... would know her for the fraud she was... worse still, he would no longer even have need for her.

"You're very quiet. Aren't you glad?" he demanded, like a disappointed boy.

"Glad! Oh, Jack... how could I be otherwise than glad—at something that means so much to you. I was only thinking... soon you will no longer have any use for me."

"Valerie, my dear, amazing girl! What an extraordinary thing to say!"

He was perfectly genuine in his surprise. He was almost a little chilled by what seemed the first approach to selfishness he had ever known Valerie display.

"Indeed, I've got other uses for you than to play nurse to a blind beggar," he said. "You had far too much of it—I've felt that for a long time. But now we shall change all that. I'm getting a secretary, for instance—"

"A secretary. Oh, Jack!..."

Already everything was slipping from her, the girl felt miserably.

"Yes—and incidentally doing old Lane a good turn. He's a nice old chap, and I'm going to give one of his sons a chance."

"One of Mr. Lane's sons?" A sudden piercing fear darted through Sylvia's heart. It was ridiculous, of course, and yet... "What is his name?" she asked.

"You are positively insatiable in your desire for information to-day, my dear Valerie," Hillier laughed. "I'm sure I don't know; yes, I do, though. Stanhope, I think—Stanhope Lane. He is coming down with his father to-morrow to talk things over."

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL.

THE LEAGUE—Division I.: Chelsea (h) 2, Everton (h) 2, Tottenham Hotspur (h) 0, Newcastle Utd. (h) 1, Stoke County 1; Sheffield Utd. (h) 5, Bolton Wanderers 1; Blackburn Rovers 4, Middlesbrough (h) 1; Sheffield Wed. 3, Burnley (h) 1; Oldham Athletic 2, Liverpool 1; Bradford 3, Manchester City (h) 2; Aston Villa (h) 3, Manchester United 3; Bradford City 5, West Bromwich Albion 0.

THE LEAGUE—Division II.: Blackpool (h) 2, Fulham Wanderers (h) 4, Stockport County 1; Huddersfield Town 3, Grimsby Town 1; Barnley 1, Leeds City 1; Birmingham 3, Bristol City (h) 2.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE—Division I.: Norwich City (h) 0, West Ham United 0; Gillingham (h) 0, Plymouth Argyle 0; Southend Utd. (h) 0, Millwall Athletic 0; Crystal Palace (h) 2, Queen's Park Rangers 2; Southampton 2, Exeter City 1; Cardiff City (h) 5, Northampton Town 0.

F.A. CUP—Sixth Qualifying Round: Lincoln City (h) 6, Rotherham County 0; Luton Town 4, 6, Bromley 1; Crook Common (h) 4, Barnet and Aldon 0; North Forest (h) 4, Shrewsbury Town 1; Bristol Rovers (h) 3, Boscobel 0; Darlington 1, London Echo 4; Eccles Borough (h) 2; South Shields 5, North Shields (h) 1; Swans Town (h) 1, Leicester Forest 0; Gillingham (h) 3, Chesterfield Town 0; Rochdale (h) 2, Watford 0.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE—Aberdeen (h) 2, Kilmarnock 0; Celtic 1, Ardrossan (h) 0; Ayr (h) 2, Dumfries 1; Partick 3, Clyde (h) 1; Dundee 3, Hamilton (h) 2; Falkirk (h) 2, Greenock 0; Hearts 4, Queen's Park (h) 0; Hibernians (h) 3, St. Mirren 2; Rangers (h) 5, Motherwell 0; Raith (h) 1, Third Lanark 1.

RUGBY SERVICE MATCHES—Bristol Territorials 9pts., Scottish Regiment 5pts.; Barbarians Service Team 16, Shoreham Camp 13.

NORTHERN UNION LEAGUE—Bally (h) 10pts., Warrington 0pts.; Bradford (h) 16, Runcorn 0; Brighton 8, Halifax 6; Leeds 6, Hull (h) 3; Hunslet 24, Keighley 3; Oldham 5, Salford (h) 0; Wakefield (h) 10, Swinton Rovers 5; Huddersfield 18, Wigan (h) 0; Widnes 1, York (h) 2; Leigh (h) 2, Barrow 0; St. Helens (h) 24, Bramley 0.

The whole of the receipts from the sale of race cards at Cheltenham on Boxing Day will be handed over to the British Red Cross Society.

NEWS ITEMS.

What the Army Needs.

Clerks are required for the Army Pay Corps, shorthand typists for the headquarters of the Expeditionary Force, and horsekeepers for the Veterinary Corps.

Britons Killed in Mexico.

An official dispatch from Douglas, Arizona, says Reuter, states that two British subjects, R. E. Duff, and Thomas Francis, have been killed near Nacozari (Mexico).

\$40,000,000 Italian Bonds.

A decree promulgated in Rome, says Reuter, authorises the Government to issue an internal loan of \$40,000,000 in bonds redeemable in twenty-five years bearing net a rate of interest of 4½ per cent.

Dresden Rounds up Frenchmen.

All Frenchmen of military age have been arrested in Dresden and the neighbourhood and will be interned with the British civilian prisoners, says Reuter, quoting the Berliner Tageblatt.

German "M.P." to Fight for France.

Herr Georg Weil, the representative of Metz in the Reichstag, who was reported to have disappeared, says Reuter, has informed his friends in Alsace-Lorraine that he has enlisted in the French Army.

Sir F. Bertie's Term Extended.

At the request of the British Government, Sir Francis Bertie, British Ambassador in Paris, has consented to the prolongation of his appointment, which in the ordinary course of events would have terminated at the end of this year.

Fashion Photographs.

When the fashion photographs by the Dover Street Studios appeared in *The Daily Mirror* on December 9 and 12, it should have been stated that they represented a model one-piece cloak by Paquin, an afternoon gown by Boue Soeurs, and an evening gown by Ernest.

Cabinet Minister Takes the Name.

Mr. Herbert Samuel, President of the Local Government Board, and other speakers made a recruiting appeal at Littleton, Loftus, on Saturday night, and at the conclusion of the meeting the rush of men to join the colours was so great that Mr. Samuel had to help in taking names.

The Kaiser's Last Plunge.

The German Embassy in Rome has called the attention of the judicial authorities to the cartoon in *L'Asino*, a weekly Italian journal, which we reproduce on page 6. The editor of the journal will have to answer a charge under the Italian penal code of insulting the head of a State.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

FOLKESTONE CLUB MEETING AT GATWICK.

1. 0—Goldball Chase—NIMROD VI.
1.50—Three-year-old Hurdle—LOOMIAN.
2. 0—Ramses' Chase—COMO.
2.30—Over Hurdle—BILBERY.
3. 0—Novices' Chase—FIFTEEN HILL.
3.50—Beginners' Hurdle—ALBANY BEEF.

Double Event for To-day.
NIMROD VI. and BILBERY.

SANDOWN WINNERS AND PRICES.

Race. Price. Winner. Jockey.
Bookham Chase (4)..... 5-1 Capt. Duff..... Morgan
Orshott Hurdle (13)..... 8-1 Franco..... Trellett
Sandown Chase (7)..... 7-2 Red Cross..... Morgan
December Hurdle (4)..... 9-2 Capt. Duff..... Morgan
Park Chase (8)..... 6-5 Alfred Noble..... Parfitt
Milburn Chase (11)..... even Satorn..... Parfitt

SPORTING NEWS ITEMS.

As expected, Newman gained an easy victory over Falkner in the billiard tournament here on Saturday, winning by 1,145 points in 4,000 up.

Ladies will be permitted to visit the National Sporting Club to-night, when an amateur and professional match will be held in aid of the Wounded Alied Relief Fund. Exhibitions will be given by all the leading amateurs and professionals.

Tom Terry and Alf Spencely, two ex-sensational lightweight champions, boxed a ten rounds draw at the Ring on Saturday. The chief event to-night is a twenty rounds contest between Joe Beckett and Harry Rowe.

Pettit's
KENSINGTON

1/11 1/2 (Box and Post 3d.)
Soft pliable Black Velvet Cap, trimmed and bound Black, White or Gill Brads. Fashion's crown. Worth machine.

No. 3/11 1/2 3d.
Worth double. Durable & inexpensive gift. This is a new mercerised Benaline made of 1 1/2 inch collar of velvet which can be turned up or down to suit wearer's taste. Colours Purple, Saxe, Tan, Navy, Grey, Black or Ivory.

2/6 1/2 (Box and Post 4d.)
Utrecht soft Black Velvet Hat, with adjustable trim, lined White, Black, Saxe, or Purple Bands.

No. 3/11 1/2 3d.
Extremely smart Velvet House-Full-trimmed and trimmed Tartan silk collar and buttons. Price 3/11 1/2 3d. or the complete dress made in one piece as sketch.

14/11 (Box and Post 3d.)
THE CROWN 5/-
Charming Gift made from splendid quality soft pliable Black, Tan or Ivory. New Guard Collar of Coloured Silk, which can be worn up or down.

PETTIT'S
191-195, High St., Kensington, W.

The St. Moritz Lanes Fancy Knitted
Waistcoat with three-quarter sleeves. Colours—Light & Dark Saxe, Emerald, Red, Navy, Purple, Cerise, Navy, Grey, or Black & Ivory. Useful & warm. Post Free. Outfitters in Black, Grey & Navy. Post Free. Gents.

THOMPSONS, LTD.
163-179, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

A BOON TO TYPISTS and HOME WORKERS,
a very useful Xmas Gift.

New and ingenious Invention which Trebles the Life of Your Skirt.

The doom of the unsightly aaron has been sealed by the REAL SKIRT SAVER, the

"Skirt-Tecto."

You can now preserve a neat and stylish appearance at home or in the office, and keep your skirt from getting shiny, soiled or faded by means of this really economical invention. The "Skirt-Tecto" is fastened in moment with patent clips, covers all round, and sits close into the waist, adding very considerably to the degree of the figure. It is made in proof and durable Black Alpaca or Black Cash, merino, in all sizes up to 30in., and is quite cheap. Post 1/6. Great Value. Only 1/11 1/2 3d.

Buy one to-day from your draper, or send to us, enclosing waist measurement.

ALFRED A. CROFTON & Co.
9, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn, London.

Xmas Greetings to Your Friends

will be the better appreciated if they take the form of Zenobia Perfume Sachets rather than ordinary cards. These silk sachets, enclosed in artistic greeting cards, are dainty and unconventional. Their perfumes exactly reproduce those of favourite flowers, and last more than a year. Zenobia Sachets are British made.

Zenobia Greeting Sachets

Perfumed with Sweet Pea Blossom, Night-scented Stock, Wall-flower, Lily-of-the-Valley and many other exquisite essences. Prices from 3d. each. Of all leading Chemists and Store.

ZENOBIA
TRUE FLOWER PERFUMES

Perfumes sold in many varieties and sizes, from 2- and 26 per bot. Also British Eau-de-Cologne, better than any foreign make.

ZENOBIA, LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

Monday, December 21, 1914.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

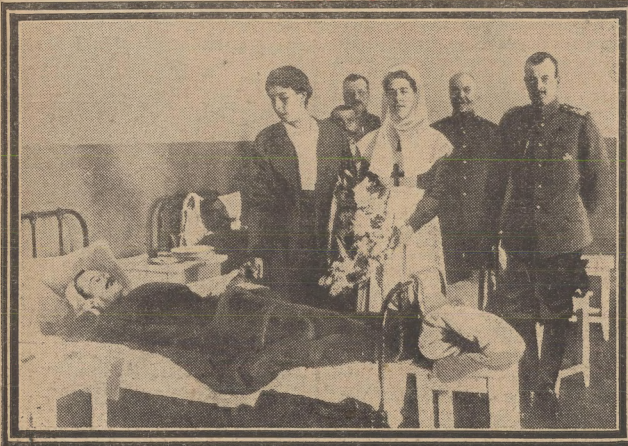
NOTICE TO THE TRADE. The OVERSEAS WEEKLY EDITION OF THE DAILY

MIRROR, on Account of the Christmas Holidays, will be published on Wednesday Next instead of Thursday.

Subscription rates (prepaid), post free, to Canada for 6 months 10/-; elsewhere abroad, 15/- Address—Manager, "Overseas Daily Mirror," 23-29 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

ROYAL SYMPATHY FOR THE WOUNDED.

7.150 Y



The Grand Duke Cyril and his wife visiting the wounded in one of the Russian Red Cross hospitals near Warsaw. The disabled soldier is holding the hand of the Grand Duchess, whose attitude is eloquent of sympathy.

AFTERNOON TEA AFTER FIGHTING.

4.42 C



Russian soldiers who have been in the firing line forgather in the Cracow Bazaar at Lemberg for afternoon tea. They are warmly welcomed by the women, and hold an informal reception. The Russian soldiers all love tea.

LIEUT. STEELE.

P. 16493



Lieutenant Frederick W. A. Steele, of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, who was killed in action. He was the son of Australians.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS' JOY RIDE ON TOY RAILWAY.

4.11910 V



A party of wounded soldiers and Red Cross nurses enjoying a ride on the toy railway which has been built in the private grounds of Mr. Foster, an engineer, of Levenshulme, Manchester.

ATHLETE HERO.

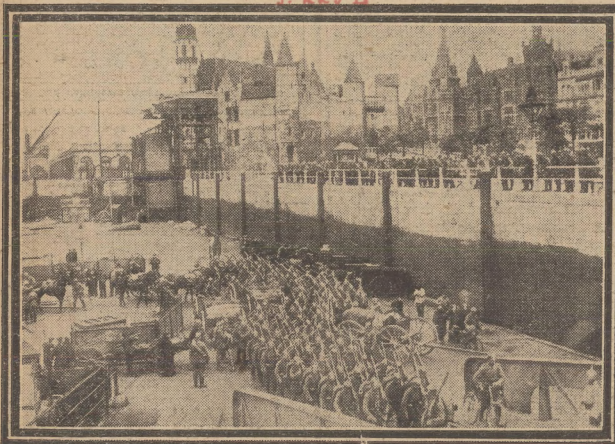
P. 16493



Lance-Corporal S. E. Bentley, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, has received the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

NEW GERMAN ARMY ARRIVING AT ANTWERP.

4.423 E



For some time past Germany has been mysteriously moving armies in and out of Antwerp. This is the arrival of one of the new armies, since defeated by the Allies.

A GERMAN EAST PRUSSIAN ADVANCE.

4.423 R



Here is a detachment of German troops advancing in the wake of the Russians through Mlava. In this region both sides have advanced and retreated alternately.

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